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THE prospects of our University seem brightening in every direction; the minimum of the Jubilee Fund is already nearly reached. But not the least important mark of the general interest taken in Queen's is the very valuable donation, by the Lord Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, of 242 volumes of works on the early history of England, Scotland and Ireland.

England is peculiarly rich in works on the early periods of her history. No other nation possesses a document so early or so valuable as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, or the collection of Anglo-Saxon laws, and of no less value, though of later date, are the Exchequer Rolls, or the Pipe, and Liberate Rolls. The Doomsday Book is unique among historic documents in affording information as to the condition of landed property during the reigns of the Norman Kings.

These important works afford the opportunity for making independent research, and encourage the hope that Queen's may yet become a great school of history on this continent. It is to be wished, however, that this addition may be followed by others. We want the valuable collection—the great Pertz Monumenta, and the several French collections, and also Muratori's collection of Italian documents. The possession of these several collections would give us a library of historical works unsurpassed on this continent, and this, too, at very little cost. From \$1,200 to \$1,500 would enable us to procure nearly complete collections, and we sincerely trust that some of the large-hearted friends of Queen's may contribute the funds to procure these collections, or any one of them, which should be called by his name, as the Redpath collection in the McGill College library. The French and the Pertz collections would each cost about \$600, and the Italian collection not more than \$300. We understand that before next session the subject of English Language and Literature will probably be separated from History, and a new Professor appointed, and we trust that a new enthusiasm may be excited in History, to which the present Professor will be able to devote all his time and attention.

Our young country is just beginning to make a history of her own, and it is very important that we should be familiar with the history of the nations of the Old World, that we may learn practical lessons for our guidance, may imitate their excellencies and avoid their errors.

SINCE the above was written we have received another very valuable contribution to the historical department of our Library. W. M. Henderson, Esq., of Toronto, has sent us 36 vols.—a complete edition of the English Hansard to the close of George III's reign.

The first three volumes contain information gathered from various sources, but from the Stuart period many of the speeches are from notes taken at the time, and are both full and authentic. The work is of very great value and really forms a supplement or continuation of the valuable collection mentioned above. It formed part of the library of the late Chief Justice Draper, and we doubt whether, out of perhaps the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, another copy is to be found in Canada.

Offers were made by a leading public library to purchase this copy from Mr. Henderson, and our very best thanks are due to him for his very generous remembrance of us. We have no reason to complain of any want of attention on the part of our friends, yet the example of Mr. Henderson may often be followed. It is quite possible to pick up at auction or private sale, works of great value, on every department of study, but especially of History, and our history department is of sufficient importance to give the assurance that any such works will be thankfully received, and well taken care of, and we shall be glad if our many kind friends will on all occasions bear us in mind.

THE second paper on "Wooden Criticism," by our valued contributor, ought to be carefully read and pondered by all who are jealous of the honor of our magnificent literature. We do not propose to add anything to what is there said, but we should like to call attention to a casual remark which the writer makes. He seems to imply that Dr. Bain's devotion to the study of psy-

chology may have tended to unfit him for the office of literary critic. If that is really meant we must take the liberty to question the statement. A psychology which is based upon a true idea of the human mind cannot be at variance with genuine literary criticism. The weakness of Dr. Bain is not that he has been too devoted a student of psychology, but that he has been the champion of a psychology as absurd and soulless as his æsthetic theory and practice. The fault in both cases is of the same kind. Just as he dissects into separate bits the fair shapes of art, so he breaks up the human mind into a number of separate "states," and then tries, naturally without success, to give to them the semblance of life. He does not see that the conscious and thinking person is present in every one of its products, and that the thought which "wanders through eternity" is yet at home in the simplest idea of the plainest man. No wonder that Dr. Bain conceives of a poem as a mechanical product when he figures the thoughts and emotions of the soul as if they were a number of onions strung on a rope.

HENRY GEORGE has presented his Land Theory as a potent cure-all for every form of social and industrial disorder. It is presented not as a happy suggestion towards the solution of a difficult problem, but as the necessary outcome of a long and careful train of reasoning from economic principles. This gives the remedy a certain dignity and a claim to the reverence of those who have but an imperfect idea of the grounds on which it rests. Yet not so much the grounds on which it is based as the promised results of the remedy when applied will account for the average man's liking for the proposed plan. On this account we wish to point out some of the natural effects of the Land Theory which its author has not mentioned. The chief feature in the theory

is the proposition that the Government shall assume the ownership of all land, including all limited natural powers. The Government shall then rent it to the highest bidders. To those already paying rent this will make no difference save a change of landlords. Those who owned land must now pay rent instead of receiving it. The chance to hold land is open to every one who has the ability to rent and make use of it. The rent collected will take the place of all taxes. This will give relief to every industry in the country, and will enormously increase production, give employment to every labourer, and cheapen goods. Every one will share in these benefits. Even the land holders will receive compensation in this way. The struggle for existence with all its attendant uncharitableness will be numbered with the things that have been. Poverty and wretchedness will flee away and plenty crowned with peace will fill the land. Such is the millennial state of society which is to result from an application of the remedy as it is stated in the ninth book of Progress and Poverty.

Turning to his proposition to verify these results we trace out quite another picture. We find that the wonderful increase in wealth is credited to the remission of taxes and the turning of these millions to productive purposes. It is not recognised, however, that these millions are still taken, though now in the shape of rent. Society is no richer except that it may cost less to collect the new revenue. No doubt some share of this rent was formerly paid, so that the levy is not a new one. But most of the rent, whether paid or kept, was employed productively by the persons receiving it, or lent to productive employers. The chief change brought about is to shift the burden of taxation from one class of the community to another, or from one portion of a man's capital to another. No real addition is made to the wealth of the country. But what would

be the effect of demanding rent for all the agricultural land in America and removing taxation and excise from manufacturing industries? At first manufacturers would greatly benefit and farmers would greatly lose, except those on rented farms. But these latter are most of them making but a very bare living owing to competition with those who work their own farms and who never dream of the factor of rent in their returns. Owing to the increased profits in manufacturing, and the lessened profits from land, capital would be turned from agriculture, mining, lumbering, etc., to manufacturing. The result would be to lower the price of manufactured articles and increase the price of all the raw materials of agriculture, mining, lumbering, etc., until an equilibrium was established at a permanent decrease in the price of manufactured articles and a permanent increase in the price of all raw materials. The inevitable effect of this is to increase the price of the necessities of life, especially food, fuel and shelter, as these are the least removed from the condition of raw materials. But lessening the price of all manufactured articles in proportion to the labor and capital expended in their production would reduce very considerably the price of luxuries. There could be but little more demand for labor, the available capital not being increased. Hence all the benefits would fall to the rich, the disadvantages to the poor. Rent, it is most true, is simply the necessary surplus of the best farming lands, mines, timber limits, etc., over the poorer. By letting this rent fall to the owners it stimulates their production, draws capital to these industries and cheapens the necessities of life. Taxes on manufacturing industries are in great measure taxes on the luxuries of life, and the presence of these taxes drives more capital to the procuring of raw materials to the benefit of the greater number in the community.

"THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL of a few weeks since was very severe upon the Senate of Toronto University for its recent decision that the degree of M.A. should be conferred upon any B.A. of two years' standing upon payment of the graduation fee. We cannot but think it would have been more in accordance with the high standard the Provincial University should maintain to have prescribed a rigid examination for its second degree. Of course the mere presentation of a thesis proves little or nothing, unless the thesis be examined on its merits, and the granting or withholding of the degree determined accordingly. We are inclined to think too much importance is attached to the matter of university degrees. We are not sure that the interests of sound education would suffer much if they were all abolished."—*Educational Journal*, Jan. 16th.

Certainly. Abolish every degree that can be obtained simply by paying a fee, *i.e.*, abolish the M.A. of Toronto University. But, because a thing has been abused, is there to be no use for it hereafter? And because one degree has been degraded in one place, does it follow that all should be abolished everywhere? Be consistent, then, and do away with every mark or standard of scholarship or of anything else! Down with everybody and everything! Let us have a *Tabula rasa*. Away with Grade A, Grade B, Grade C, with M.D. and D.D., with the titles by which officers in the army or in the civil service are recognized, with labels of all kinds, and get back to the condition of primitive man, or forward to the ideal of the Quakers. What is the use of drawing a red herring across the scent? The *Educational Journal* confesses that what Toronto has done, apparently because hard up for cash, is not "in accordance with the high standard, etc." Yes! that is always the phrase—the cure is to unfrock or unhood all the graduates in the wide, wide

world! So have we heard a little girl moan that she had found that the globe was hollow and that her doll was stuffed with sawdust! We would suggest as a much simpler alternative than the universal decapitation of graduates, that in this and sundry other matters, our sister University should "consider her ways" and mend them.

A MID all the writing and publishing of the present day there seems to be no form of literature which has attained to a higher average excellence or greater variety of form than the magazine. The foremost writers of the day do not hesitate to employ their best energies in the production of periodical literature. Not a few valuable books have had the best of their substance appear first in the form of magazine articles. It is safe to say that in the standard magazines we have presented to us the most complete view of the vanguard of modern thought. Here we may trace the birth and development of fruitful, action-producing ideas. Here we observe the lines along which modern society is seeking to progress; and here we find chronicled its failures and successes. The magazine is the medium through which the thinking men and women of the world can discuss with each other the many problems of social and individual life which spring up in the wake of our progress. Whatever may be said of journalism in other countries, in America at least, the various papers have become mere news-mongers. No longer do thinking people take seriously what the majority of them attempt to say regarding the higher interests of society, since they so plainly sacrifice truth to interest. In the magazine alone can we look for a conscientious treatment of the great questions of the day on their own merits. Long may they preserve the independent stand which as a rule they at present occupy, and may their influence extend to all orders.

POETRY.

THE SPARROW.

O'ER all the land a mantle white
Has been by nature spread,
And all the birds have taken flight;
On wings southward they sped.

Yet no, not all, the sparrow comes
Amid the ice and snow,
The sole petitioner for our crumbs
When wintry winds do blow.

This hardy little foreigner,
From o'er the ocean's brine;
A thorough little Britisher,
Thrives at the pole or line.

SCIENCE AND LOVE.

PRAY tell me, my own dainty darling,
About your *cutipital* nerve;
Is your *cerebral ganglion* working
In a manner I like to observe.

Does the gray matter answer my pleading,
And cause *vaso motors* to move?
Ah, dearest, do let the *medulla*
Oblongata respond to my love.

Your *corpora quadrigemini*, sweet one,
As also the *pons varolii*,
I love with an earnest affection,
The result of complex *stimuli*.

And this co-ordination of atoms
My *cerebrum* will still carry on,
Till *cardiac* motion be ended,
And peripheral feeling be gone.

Then relax all your facial muscles,
As the nerves of ambition vibrate;
Of your heterogeneous feelings
Make a clear homogeneous state.

When the *ganglia* growing compounded,
In the great *bi-lobed* mass *effloresce*,
Let them send through the thorax sensation
To prompt an articulate "Yes!"

THE MEETING.

FAR severed on time's rolling tide,
Our barques were drifted far and wide
Through storm and calm.

But fortune's star of golden light,
Lured on our vessels in their flight
To meet at Queen's.

Oft may we on our voyage meet,
To hoist our signal lights and greet
As on we drift.
May portal lights of heaven that gleam
Along the waves of time's dark stream
Guide us to heaven.

LITERARY.

WOODEN CRITICISM.

IN the last number of the *Journal* we showed into what absurdities an able man may be led when he approaches a question from a false point of view. Bentley, great scholar as he was, in his edition of Milton suggested "emendations" that would destroy the very soul of "Paradise Lost." We propose now to present to the reader one or two of the hardly less absurd criticisms of a living writer, who enjoys a considerable reputation, and whose books have commended themselves even to the wise heads who "authorise" the educational works used in our schools. We refer to Dr. Alexander Bain, ex-professor of logic and English literature in the University of Aberdeen. This psychologist's animal versions on Bacon and Shelley well entitle him to be regarded as the intellectual heir of the pedant Bentley. To Mr. P. A. Barrett, in the *London Academy* for 27th August, we are indebted for most of what we shall here say.

Mr. Barrett, after reading Dr. Bain's books on *Teaching English* and *English Composition and Rhetoric*, comes to the conclusion, that "the chief object that seems likely to be served by them is that they should be examples to the end of time of how 'English' never should be 'taught,' and never could be 'taught.'" As specimens of the sort of criticism to be found in the former he cites the following inspiring extract (*On Teaching English*, p. 42), in which Bacon's essay on "Truth" is thus maltreated:

"Take first the essay on 'Truth.' The first sentence—'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer"—might be cited as an interesting way of announcing the topic of an essay, while the phraseology would be open to improvement. For 'said' he ought to have used the word 'asked'; but the remark is superfluous, because no one would now commit the impropriety. The 'and' should clearly be 'but.' 'What is truth?' asked jesting Pilate, but would not stay for an answer."

What does the reader think of that for criticism? Mr. Barrett's criticism of this critic will, we feel sure, be endorsed by every one but a psychologist. "As for us," he says, "we sincerely believe that Bacon did not write the famous sentence as his critic has written it, simply because he did not mean what Dr. Bain apparently means. Bacon meant *said*, and he meant *and*. On the face of it, Pilate, so far from asking any question, is actually uttering a jest, and his waiting for an answer is in no sense an antithesis to his jest, but merely a further indication of the indifference which the story illustrates. We get this meaning out of Bacon, not by anatomizing him and saying that here we should find this and there that, but by taking his words as they stand, and asking, What *do* they mean?"

But it is in his remarks on Shelley's *Skylark* that Dr. Bain best proves his utter unfitness for literary criticism. Shelley's "glorious third stanza," as everyone knows, runs thus:

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

Now hear Dr. Bain (p. 119):

"The golden lightning' seems a doubtful conjunction. The epithet is not applicable to lightning. The meaning is made more consistent if we read 'lightening,' an emendation actually adopted by Chambers. 'The sunken sun' scarcely contributes to a picture of glorification; the word 'sunk' is associated with depression and pathos. * * * * The concluding line is one of Shelley's gorgeous similes from the feelings. An effort is required to realize the meaning; and, when we do realize it, we must acknowledge that there is some straining. We understand a 'joy' by itself; but the 'embodying' of it (Does Dr. Bain's copy of Shelley read 'embodied joy' or is this one of his own 'emendations'?) rather puzzles us; and we are not accustomed to materialise our feelings by first putting them into a body, and then making them run a race, all which has to be done before we apply the combination to illustrate the flight of the lark."

Criticism like this is only a little less wooden than that of Bentley on Milton. The fact is that Dr. Bain does not know what poetry is. He evidently supposes that it is simply prose adorned with a little superfluous gilding. "There can no doubt," he says, "of the eminent value of a composition that adorns within the limits of truth, or with a very slight departure from truth. But when a poet accustoms his muse to exaggeration in small matters there come occasions when the effect is seriously perverting." The whole conception of art underlying these words is false. The poet does not think in prose, and then cast about for ornaments to give vividness to his ideas; his ideas are necessarily steeped in sensuous imagery. Dr. Bain's remarks do not apply even to genuine prose eloquence; they apply in fact only to that weak imitation of eloquence which may be distinguished from it as rhetoric. If we would learn what true poetry is we must come to the study of it, not as one who is determined to convict the poet of want of mastery over his own instrument, but "as a little child," to get inspiration and elevation of soul. Let those unfortunate men who have been taught to look upon Bain's works as valuable text-books only reflect on the words of Milton, that poetry should be "simple, sensuous, impassioned," and they will soon find that such criticism as that which we have cited can only be called, to use Carlyle's epithet, "sawdustish." And yet people are surprised that our boys and girls, after being coached after the manner of Bain, have no taste for English literature!

The next issue of the JOURNAL will contain the names of the Kingston contributors to the Jubilee Endowment Fund of Queen's and the amount subscribed by each. The list will be read with interest.

WALT WHITMAN.

(BY PROF. DYDE, FREDERICKTON UNIVERSITY.)

THE democratic principle, which has been the inspiring cause of a number of Whitman's poems, is conceived by him as in relation occasionally to the whole of human kind; sometimes to North America, but mainly to his own United States. In the poem, "Starting from Panamaok," he tells how, when in his morning walk through the woods of Alabama he has seen "the she-bird—the mocking bird" hatching her brood, he has paused to hear the he-bird near at hand "inflating his throat and joyfully singing,"

"And while I paused, it came to me that what he really sang for was not there only,
Nor for his mate only, nor all sent back by the echoes;
But subtle, clandestine, away beyond,
A charge transmitted, and gift occult, for those being born.

Democracy!

Near at hand to you a throat is inflating itself and joyfully singing.

Ma femme!

For the brood beyond us and of us,
For those who belong here, and those to come,
I, exultant, to be ready for them, will now shake out
carols stronger and laughter than have ever yet
been heard upon earth."

In another place the poet asks, "Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?" and replies in *Salut au Monde* by fancying him, self present to and identical with every corner of the earth and every nation under the sun. After joining hands with the persons and places with which the ordinary man would esteem it no insult to his dignity to hold acquaintance, Whitman goes on, "You poor koboo whom the meanest of the rest look down upon! You low expiring aborigines of the hills of Utah! You dwarfed Kamtschatkan! You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip! You haggard, uncouth, tutored Bedowee!

You Hottentot with clicking palate! You woolly-haired horries!

You owned persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!

I dare not refuse you—the scope of the world, and of time and space are upon me.

* * * * *

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination
around the whole earth;

I have looked for equals and lovers and found them ready
for me in all lands;

I think some divine rapport has equalized me with
them.

* * * * *

Toward all

I raise high the perpendicular hand—I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight for ever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

Whitman's occasional references to Canada imply that, whatever may be the conventional arrangements between the States and it, these two countries are essentially one. He cries out, "Come, I will make the continent indissoluble," and speaks of North America as "Always these compact lands—lands tied at the hips with the belt stringing the huge oval lakes."

But not till Walt Whitman's feet touch the soil of his native land does he stoop to bestow the full kiss of love. He has no plummet wherewith to sound all the depth of his loyalty, love and hope. Every now and then he bursts into shouts of triumph. "The United States themselves," he exclaims, "are essentially the greatest poem," and again, "America is the race of races." "Who are the three old men," he asks, "going slowly with their arms about each other's necks?" and answers, "Asia, Africa, Europe are to the east, America is provided for in the west." Hovering in imagination over his land, as a dove might flutter above her young, he sends his warm recognition to every state, and sees "encircling all, vast darting, up and wide, the American soul, with equal hemisphere—one love, one Dilator or Pride." Therefore, he says, "I sing the song of these my ever-united lands—my body no more inevitably united part to part, and made one identity, any more than my hands are inevitably united, and made one identity."

Nor is Whitman without a reason for his faith and hope. Amongst his people he finds

"The beauty of independence, departure, actions that rely on themselves,

The American contempt for statutes and ceremonies, the boundless impatience of restraint.

The loose drift of character, the inkling through random types, the solidification."

It is the mending glory of democracy that it trusts mankind, and our poet likewise had unquenchable faith in the innate goodness of the human heart. "Never," he affirms, "was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God." "Over the carnage," he says again, looking back upon the red battle-fields of the civil war:—

"Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,—
Be not disheartened—affection shall solve the problems of
Freedom yet.

* * * * *

Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms?

—Nay—nor the world nor any living thing will so cohere."

Let me in closing quote a whole short poem as a specimen of Whitman's capacious and omnivorous faith:

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon!

I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;

I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks:

By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O, Democracy, to serve you, *ma femme!*

For you! for you I am thrilling these songs,
In the love of comrades,
In the high-towering love of comrades.

Even from these passages it may be seen that Whitman looks upon Democracy not as an abstract ideal, but as a thing which lives because it has its roots in the blood of men. But his attitude towards individuals, as distinct from citizens, is deserving of more than to be tacked to the end of a chapter long enough already.

SAXON ASTRONOMY.

THE books presented to the University by the British Government are reprints of chronicles and memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the middle ages. Among these are three volumes entitled "Saxon Leechdoms, etc." They are printed in Anglo-Saxon, but accompanied by very literal translations. From the third volume we transcribe part of "A Treatise on Astronomy and Cosmogony," taken from Bede's *De Temporibus*. The quaintness of the original is preserved as much as possible in the translation:

I would also, if I durst, gather some information from the book which Bede, the wise teacher, set forth and collected from books of many wise doctors about the courses of the year from the beginning of the world. It is not for a sermon but to be read otherwise by them whom it so pleaseth. When then the Almighty Creator formed this world, then said He, "Let there be light," and light forthwith came into existence. Then God saw that the light was good, and divided the light from the darkness, and called the light day, and the darkness night, and then was evening and morning counted for one day. On the second day God formed heaven, which is called firmament; it is visible and material, but yet we are not able, for its remote elevation and for thickness of the clouds and for tenderness of the eyes, ever to see it. The heaven locketh up in its bosom all the world; and it turneth ever about us, swifter than any mill wheel, as deep under this earth as it is above it. It is all round and solid and painted with stars. Well, the other heavens which are above it and beneath it are beyond the discussion and investigation of men. There are, however, more heavens, as the prophet said, "the heaven of heavens." Also the apostle Paulus wrote that he was taken up to the third heaven, and he there

heard the mysterious words which no man may speak. On the third day the Almighty God formed sea and earth and all earthly vegetation. Those three days were without sun and moon and stars, and at all times overspread with light and darkness in equilibrium. On the fourth day God made two mickle lights, the greater that is the sun, to the day, and the lesser light, that is the moon, to the night. On the fifth day He formed all creeping things, and the mickle whales, and all fish kind in various and manifold forms. On the sixth day he formed all kinds of beasts, and all cattle that go on four feet, and the two men, Adam and Eve. On the seventh day he ended his work, and the week was then gone. Well, every day in this world is from the lighting up of the sun. The sun indeed goeth by God's arrangement, betwixt heaven and earth, by day above the earth, and by night under this earth, quite as far down by night time under the earth as by day it mounts up above it. Ever is it running about this earth, and shineth all as bright under the earth by night as by day time it doth over our heads. On the side on which it shineth there is day, and on the side on which it shineth not there is night. Ever is there on one side of the earth day, and ever on one side night. The light which we call down cometh from the sun, when it is upward, and it then driveth away the nightly darkness with its mickle light. All as thick is the heaven filled with stars by day as by night, but they have no lighting up, for the presence of the sun. The light is one day, from sunrise to even, but notwithstanding in books it is accounted as one day, from the rising of the sun till it again come to the place from which it before arose; in that period are counted four and twenty hours. The sun is very mickle, all as broad is it, according to what books say, as the whole compass of the earth; but to us it seems very unbroad, since it is very far from our sight. Every thing the further off it is the less it seemeth. We may, however, know by its light that the sun is not little. As soon as it mounts up it shineth over all earth alike, and envelopes the breadth of all the earth. So likewise the stars, which seem to us little, are very broad; and, from the mickle space which is between them and us, they seem to our sight very small. They would not, however, be able to send any light to earth from the lofty heaven if they were so minute as to our eyes they seem. Well, the moon and all the stars receive light from the mickle sun, and none of them hath any light but from the sun's light, and although the sun at night time shine under earth, yet its light on one side of the earth mounts up and lighteth up the stars above us; and when it riseth it overpowers the light of all the stars and also of the moon with its immense splendour. The sun betokeneth our Healer Christ, who is the Sun of Righteousness, as said the prophet. "To the men who dread the name of God, to them shall arise the Sun of Righteousness, and healing on his wings." The moon which waxeth and waneh, betokeneth this present church or congregation in which we are. It is waxing through children born, and waning by men

deceased. The bright stars betoken the faithful in God's congregation who shine in a golly way of life. Christ then illuminates them all through His grace, as the gospeller Johannes said: "The sooth light came which lighteth every man coming to this world." None of us hath any light of any goodness, except of Christ's grace, who is called the Sun of True Righteousness.

✻ MISCELLARY ✻

A SUMMER IN MUSKOKA.

(Continued From No. 5.)

THE island we were on, though in the back wood, was not so far from civilization but that we were able to have the daily papers for perusal around our camp fire every evening. Prof. Campbell, of Montreal Presbyterian College, has an island in Lake Joseph, where he spends his five months' vacation in each year. The Professor's wife is post-mistress at Yoho, and thither we rowed every evening at sundown for our mail. One thing that added interest to our holiday, and kept our memories of Queen's bright, was that mostly every day the papers contained some notice of the doings of her sons and daughters. The day the list of freshman arrived our interest was intensely curious as we scanned the goodly batch of names borne by the newly fledged. There were the usual number of good Highland surnames, which figure regularly every year in Queen's class lists. There were others less common, and a few quite uncommon, and which gave us no clue to their owners' national antecedents. One of our first speculations was on their foot-ball capacities, and our hope that there might be some good kickers among them. On several days, we were gratified to see that the papers were dilating at proper length on the fact that the first lady principal for a High School in Ontario had been appointed from the class of '84. Then we watched with interest the accounts which came to us of the doings of one of the class of '85, who was engaged in the interesting pastime of drawing beads upon the bulls-eyes at Wimbledon. Then came the news that Louis, of '84, better known to his old class mates as the Bishop of Sharbot Lake, had hastened to adorn his name at Kirkfield with a better-half; while the ponderous and deliberative moving John Hay, of '82, had taken two years to make up his mind to do the same thing, and had to have three members of the cloth to tie the knot. Another day we read, that the class of '84 was to have a missionary at Tarsus, conducting the St. Paul Training Institute about to be established at that historic place. That Mae, who with his Tan o' Shanter had looked after the interests of our foot-ball eleven on many a hard and successfully fought field, was the man who was going. Then came an item from India, that Miss Beatty, '84, had been so successful in the healing art that a native prince had vainly importuned her to become physician to his family, at a princely salary. Such were a few of the

many notices that came to us of absent ones. We were not beyond the pale of University men in the flesh either. On our island at one time were four Queen's men, two of the last and two of the present generation, and all of the same name, while two grads. of '82 helped to people the island next to us. On an island below us, its owner, Geo. Bell, '78, was prospecting and choosing a suitable spot in the woods for the building of a cottage, whither he proposes to come in future summers to recruit after his legal labours. On the steamer which passed us twice a day a 'Varsity sophomore acted as purser. Farther down the lake the Vics' reliable goal keeper, yept Starr, displayed his burly form knickerbockers; while below that again another University man advertised himself in a foot-ball jersey, labelled "Varsity," and a pair of gig-lamps. Our Sunday services in Muskoka were novel. Every seventh day, that it did not rain, we got our boats ready, and shortly after eleven pulled two miles down the lake to Yoho. There the campers and many of the settlers gather, and, in a sort of natural amphitheatre among the rocks and under the shade of the hemlocks, listen to Professor Campbell's discourses. His sermons are all after the same pattern, and are intended for the children. but enjoyed by all. He takes a text, tells a story, and applies the text. These stories are all very interesting, and are gathered from many sources. Of those we heard two were French, one Mexican, one classical, and the scene of another was laid in Casimius.

Our time was usually quite taken up with physical enjoyment. When the weather was too hot, or rainy, we occasionally turned to the pages of Scott or Haggard, or Mark Twain or Victor Hugo, or other writers for amusement. We had cards with us and they were used but once. We fished with great perseverance for whole days, from dawn to sunset. We still-fished, and trawled with sinkers ranging up to five pounds; we set night lines in more than two hundred feet of water, and caught on an average about a fish a day. Nevertheless we had our fish story. One clear still day a member of our party saw from his boat an immense pickerel sleeping calmly on a rock in about ten feet of water. He let out one tremendous shout of joy, at having at last seen a fish, and hastened shoreward for a rod and line. He baited his hook and pulled back to where the first was waiting for him. Then a wriggling worm was let down in front of the fish, which at once opened its jaw and the worm disappeared. In due course the fish was yanked into the boat and eaten. As no game was in season, and little to be seen, we necessarily observed the game laws, and did no hunting. We made many expeditions. We portaged into various lakes and explored them. We ground our axes and cut down dead pines, some of them more than two feet in diameter, simply because we had plenty of spare energy, and that it improved the scenery and made a tremendous crash. At other times we went berrying and brought to camp immense quantities of huckleberries. We had, of course, diurnal dips in the lake, and our morning ablutions were

always at the shore. We had regattas in which the victors were crowned with wreathes of leaves and garlands of flowers. We had camp fires of various sorts. We built one on a raft and towed it out into the lake, where we floated around it in our boats. We had our camp songs and our College songs, and many a night the crackling logs was the accompaniment to "On the Old Ontario Strand."

"Where e'er our wandering feet are found,
On earth, or sea, or in the air;
At pole, or at equator,
We'll sing of Alma Mater,
On the old Ontario strand."

TORONTO TACTICS

AN old alumnus of Queen's sends us the following, as furnishing material for an instructive tableau, apropos of the petitions sent last session to the Ontario legislature praying for the establishment of a school of Practical Science at Kingston.

The scene is the comfortably furnished mansion of a member of the Government who sits in the House as representative for an Eastern and rural constituency. *Dramatis personae*: The said representative, and various members of his interesting family, and Miss Ontario who has come to Toronto to interview members of the government on the subject of giving assistance in the way of special grants for opening and maintaining schools in more remote portions of the Province, wherein her young brothers and sisters may secure the rudiments of a practical education.

The time is the witching hour, when the vulgar light of day, which cannot be induced to take up its residence exclusively in Toronto, has shifted westward, and in its absence the practical results of scientific research are brought into requisition to throw light upon the scene. The curtains are drawn, the electric light incandescences, the tea urn has just been removed.

Miss Ontario gently knocks, is tardily admitted, and now stands meekly just within the outer vestibule. Her petition has been carried in and is being discussed in family council.

It is proposed to endorse the sentiments of the various members of the family circle on the back of the petition, in the form of a game of consequences, with the following result:

Pater familias, musing, writes sententiously—"T, or Ont. O."

Tom, the eldest son (somewhat slangy)—"O, rot Ont." Mamma, seeing and deprecating, writes—"Rot! O, no! T."

Eldest daughter (coaxingly)—"O, no, trot."

Younger daughter (inquisitively)—"Not Rot?"

L'enfant terrible (boisterously)—"Toot 'r on!"

Eldest son again (turbly)—"O trot on!"

Pater familias takes the document, and, adjusting his spectacles, reads what each has written thereon, and then addresses them: "Let us have peace. We may differ as to the manner in which we give expression to our convictions, but I am rejoiced to find that amidst all this apparent difference there is practical unanimity of sentiment, and that we are all sound in the faith. You have done well to stick close to the letters of the text I set before you. On the forefront of all your utterances, as you have deliberated on the matter of this petition, stands forth prominently what forms our *cœur*, and, as such, serves at once as a bond of union for every Whig and Tory in our enterprising city, and the means of separating us from the barbarians without. On this platform the *Globe* and *Mail* can agree. Every one who has resided here long enough to have become sufficiently instructed in the esoteric meaning of the hieroglyphic word—*TORONTO*—as to read it aright, and has become imbued with the spirit of those who use it as their watchword and battle cry, must know that we can give no other reply to the petition before us. Let the stranger be admitted to witness a happy and united family at their usual devotional exercises, and for her instruction let us give utterance to our belief. Together then on the letters of the word."

All (to the tune of Talloch gorm)—"T-O-R-O-N-T-O—T or Out. O."

Pater familias, catechizing his household—"What to the enlightened do those mystic letters convey?"

All in chorus—"Toronto, or Out. nothing."

Turning to Miss Ontario, he says: "Thus your petition is of necessity answered. Let those you wish to provide an education for come to Toronto and reside within our magic circle, or for them or you, my dear Miss Ontario, we have nothing."

MEETING OF MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe weather there was a very good attendance at the fourth public meeting of the Queen's University Missionary Association, on the evening of the 27th inst. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Timberlake. In his opening remarks the chairman referred to the prodigious extent of the work yet to be done, more than two-thirds of the human race being as yet unevangelised. This is a crisis in the history of Christian missions. The iron is hot. Now is the time to strike. The question now is not "Can the work be done?" but "How is it to be done?" It is a cause for rejoicing that so many young men are giving themselves up to this important work. Queen's College is to be congratulated on being the birthplace of the scheme to send out a students' foreign missionary. Men of culture are required for this work, for the ignorance and superstition of savage races is less difficult to deal with than the culture and civilization of such countries as China and Japan.

The Rev. J. F. Smith, who was ordained last week as the students' missionary to China, gave an interesting address on the work in China, the country so dear to his heart. He referred to its ancient civilization, and to the early attempts that had been made to evangelise the great country. Centuries before any attempts at evangelization were made by the Protestants, Roman Catholic missionaries had obtained a foot-hold in the country. The first Protestant missionary to China was Robert Morrison, who was sent out in 1807. He devoted a great deal of attention to a thorough mastery of the language, a labour from which his successors reaped abundant fruit. He translated the whole of the bible into Chinese, as well as completed a dictionary of the language. There are 50,000 characters in the Chinese language, and in order to be a fair scholar one must know at least 5,000 of these. Speaking of the difficulty of acquiring the language Mr. Smith quoted the testimony of Mr. Morrison who said that to have a thorough mastery of the language one would require a body of brass, eyes of an eagle, the memory of an angel and the life of a Methuselah. There are at present 925 men and women working for Christ in China. Assign 100,000 souls to each one of these missionaries and there will be still 200,000,000 or 300,000,000 that are not yet reached. A great hindrance to the cause of christianity in China is the opium traffic. Nine out of every ten use opium in some form or other. As a result of the use of this drug the nation is decreasing in population. Within a century the opium traffic has increased in extent from an annual importation of 300 chests to that of a 100,000 chests. Another hindrance to the work is the degraded condition of the women. In many instances they are not treated with any more consideration than the beasts. After paying a tribute to the Rev. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Smith gave a prospectus of his work on reaching China. It is his intention first to learn the language. He expects in about a year to speak it fairly well. He also intends starting a hospital on a small scale. By thus ministering to the bodily needs of the Chinese he hopes to overcome their prejudices, gain their confidence and open up an avenue to the supply of their spiritual needs.

Rev. M. McGillivray, M.A., next read a paper in vindication of the claims of the Home Mission work. Faithful home mission work is essential to the future prosperity of Canada. We have here many fields as remarkable and interesting as any in China, India or the South Seas. If no men of such stuff as missionaries are made of are willing to stay at home the future of the country is dark. The home mission work is important also as affording a training school for work in the foreign field. When should the training of a child begin? Oliver Wendell Holmes well answers the question, "One hundred years before its birth." The home missionary has the moulding of this plastic mass of mankind, the heathen. Let us who are to stay at home work at home and die at home. Look at our field. It is larger than China. China embraces

2,000,000 square miles, whereas Canada has 3,500,000. Our population embraces twenty different nationalities, differing in blood, religion, habits and tendencies. The stream of emigration has only begun to flow either from the east or the west. Canada is a vast dumping ground for great loads of humanity from both Europe and Asia. Great numbers come from Europe bringing with them the worst thoughts and habits of the Old World, which will be a curse to this country unless met by the opposing influences of the Gospel. We have not such national assimilating capacities as to be able to digest these as they come. We require the counteracting influence of the home missionary to meet them. Apart from the immigration to the country we have dividing elements. There are the two great nationalities that are Canada's own, and there are sectional and class and religious interests that tend to frustrate the development of a distinctive Canadian nationality. A Canadian feeling and Canadian influences must be cherished. We don't want the continental Sabbath, the continental seditious and listlessness. If we love our land and our home we will do everything to head off all these evils and everything to make the country great in the best sense of the term. The moral worth and godliness of the people is what makes them great. What is the future of the land to be? The more we think of it the more we may fear for Canada. By this reflection we are led to an appreciation of the magnitude and sacredness of home mission work and its vital connection with the future of Canada.

An appropriate reading by Miss O'Hara and a solo pleasantly rendered by Mr. H. Lavell and choruses by the choir completed the programme.

A STUDENT LECTURER.

A LARGE audience assembled in Convocation Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 20th, to hear the lecture delivered by E. H. Horsey upon the reign of Queen Victoria, and under the auspices of the Missionary Association. Rev. Jas. F. Smith, president, occupied the chair. The students turned out in force, and were enthusiastic in their applause throughout the lecture, which was an exceptionally interesting and instructive one. The speaker's manner was easy, his language racy and at times eloquent and on concluding he was warmly congratulated on all sides. A brief synopsis will appear in a subsequent issue.

JUDGE M'DONALD TO THE ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

BROCKVILLE, Jan. 11th, 1888.

To the Secretary of the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University, Kingston:

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you please convey to the members of the Alma Mater Society, of Queen's University, my grateful acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon me by my election as honorary president of the Society.

I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

HERBERT S. McDONALD.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

AMONG the donations recently received are two which deserve special notice. There has been received a gift from the British Government of 242 volumes of valuable historical works. They include:

Calendars of State Papers, 39 volumes.

Chronicles of Great Britain and Ireland during the middle ages, 166 volumes.

Publications of the Record Commissioners, 25 volumes.

Scotch Record Publications, 12 volumes. These include works in Latin and in various dialectic variations of English, reaching back to Saxon and Norman periods of the development of the language. As works of reference they will be very useful for historical research.

Another valuable donation consists of a complete series of the English Hansard from Charles I to George III, or nearly the whole of the 17th and 18th centuries. These books were purchased at the sale of the library of the late Justice Draper, by William Henderson, Esq., of Toronto, and by him generously given to the library of Queen's.

OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of this Society, Dec. 19th, '87, the following officers were elected:

Patrons—(Rev. W. Ferguson, Kirkhill.

Rev. N. McNish, LL.D., Cornwall.

Bard—Evan McColl, Esq.

Hon. President—Rev. M. McGillivray, M.A.

President—D. D. McDonald.

Vice President—R. M. Rose, Esq.

2nd Vice President—John A. McDonald.

Secretary—J. D. Boyd.

Treasurer—A. McDonald, Esq.

Librarian—N. A. McPherson.

Ex. Committee—(Prof. Nicholson and Harris.
N. McNish and M. McKenzie, B.A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

To the Editor:

DEAR SIR,—The students of Queen's, in their efforts to increase the Jubilee Fund, are deserving of admiration, and they have mine. Every now and then some bilious individual groans out that student life is not what it was, and that everything in these bad days is going to desolation. That kind of desolation is welcome which sends out one or two hundred students to do battle for their Alma Mater. Perhaps if the bilious individual will buckle on a sword and targe—I mean undertake to fill a subscription list—he will soon resume new courage and revive, and his prostrate faith in College life will once more stand on both its legs. I wish that any words of mine, as the timid young preacher says, might be endowed with energy enough to stir up those of our graduates and friends who may chance to be asleep. Brothers, is this the time to

sleep? I could give the novel instance of the bundle of fagots to prove how wise it is to gather together all our strength. I could give the striking illustration of the coral insects, and sing the new song,

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,"

to show that the most insignificant gift will not be despised. The mite may be the smallest and yet the most liberal contribution. So, if you can give no more, forward with your blessed mite! Roll the old chariot along! Pile in! Pile in fellow-students, and if we come across any man who keeps his hands in his pockets we will roll it over him, and without the shadow of a companion crush out his useless vitality. I agree with the Principal that he who will not give to the fund now is not worth his salt. Why has a friend of Queen's a head, why hands, why a heart, why a red cent if he is not willing at a time like this to throw them on the College altar? Now or never we must bunch bits.

Yours, etc.,
O. PRIME.

Ottawa, 27th Jan., 1888.

To the Editor of Queen's College Journal, Kingston:

DEAR SIR,—It may interest you to know that there now flourishes in the City of Ottawa an organization known as the "Queen's University Association," composed of the graduates and friends of Queen's, resident in Ottawa and vicinity, to the number of nearly 40. The aim of the Society is the advancement of the general interests of the University in that district, and more immediately the cultivation of a good feeling among its members and the preservation of the *esprit de corps* as fellow graduates. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to state that the members of the Society are all most enthusiastic to this end; and while it is not our intention to infringe at all upon the rights of the Endowment Association, which also has a branch here, we feel that we have it in our power to do good for Queen's, and that the personal benefit to ourselves will undoubtedly be marked. We meet at stated periods, spend the evening in an informal manner, having a literary programme upon which to base our conversation. At our last meeting, Mr. Colin A. Scott, B.A., gave a sketch of the life of the late George F. Cameron, and recited several of his poems. Those who had not the advantage of personal acquaintance with Mr. Cameron exhibited deep interest in Mr. Scott's account of the gifted son of Queen's. On the same evening, Mr. J. F. Waters, M.A., one of the best known literary men of our city, gave an essay on Demosthenes "De Corona" and recited the poem "Sister Helen" by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. Waters is an *ad-eundem* graduate of '84. Yet the fact of his not having attended classes at Queen's does not in the slightest degree lessen his interest in everything connected with the University. When I say that he is regarded as one of the cleverest lecturers to whom an Ottawa audience has ever listened, you can understand that we value his friendship.

I will not detain you longer than to state that our Society is officered as follows: President, John Thorburn, M.A., LL.D., '80; Vice President, Robert Bell, LL.D., '83; Sec. Treas., G. F. Henderson, B.A., '84; Committee, J. F. Waters, M.A., '84, and F. H. Chrysler, B.A., '66.

Trusting that you will find the item interesting, I am,
Yours for Queen's,
GEO. F. HENDERSON.

By the way, we have lost Henry Halliday, '84, who has gone to Pembroke.

To the Editor of the Journal:

SIR,—I noticed that in the description of the decorations for the Medical re-union, as given in the Kingston *News*, the College colors, which appeared in attendance, were referred to as orange, crimson and blue. As I was not at the entertainment I do not know what colors were exhibited, but I do know that these are not the Queen's College colors, as her colors are sufficiently non-partizan as to have no connection with either orange or green. The College shield, devised, I have been informed, by the late Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen, who was formerly connected with our College, is a shield d'or, bordered in gules, and parted per saltier in azure. These refer to the principals and the colors, and may be anglicised as follows:

The face, or field, or general surface of the shield, is gold or golden yellow; the border is red, not crimson; and the saltier is a St. Andrew's cross in azure or sky blue.

Thus the College colors are properly golden yellow, red and sky blue.

HERALDRY.

PERSONAL

"JOSEPH!"

Mr. Ed. Elliott, B.A., '86, has been appointed a teacher in the Picton High School.

We were pleased to notice the name of Mr. Edwin North, '90, in the list of successful students at the recent closing examinations of the Ottawa Normal School.

Last week the senior class in arts met and appointed Mr. W. J. Patterson to represent them in the spring as valedictorian.

Our old friend D. M. Robertson, B.A., '86, paid us a flying visit the week before last. Call again, Don.

Mr. J. Roddick, '91, on account of injuries received while tobogganing, had to return to his home to recuperate. Beware of baulky toboggans.

We regret to record the death of a young and very highly esteemed graduate of Queen's, Mr. Marcus S. Snook, who has for some years been a resident of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. J. Dunlop, our ambassador to Japan, has reached his destination safely, having taken twenty-two days to cross the Pacific.

In a letter to a friend, Rev. J. McNaughton, B.A., '84, at present laboring in Smyrna, Turkey in Asia, reports that he is in the best of health and spirits, though up to his eyes in work.

We have been looking around for Curtis, Asselstine and Daly, '90, since the holidays, but up to date they have not been discovered. It's not known with what bank they were connected.

Oh yez! Oh yez!! Oh yez!!! Mr. E. Scott Griffin, '88, who has been for some time revelling in the delights of typhoid fever, is, we are glad to state, much better, and expects before very long to resume his studies and the crier's bench in the *conchytans*.

DE•NOBIS•NOBILIBUS.

DON'T think we're mean for giving it away but its sure to leak out sooner or later, and we may as well be the happy medium through which the story reaches the outside world.

We found this letter on a bench in the reading room, signed by a young and rising divinity, who, however, asserts that the signature is a forgery, and addressed to a young lady at present attending Hamilton Ladies' College. This is the document:

"Dear _____:
 II John 5; III John 13, 14.
 Affectionately yours, _____."

Pretty neat, eh? It's a shame she didn't get that letter. She couldn't have resisted it.

The punster of the senior year has been re-elected to that worthy position for the second term of the session of '87-8.

He opened the entertainment immediately on his return from the Xmas vacation. Meeting one of his fellow philosophers, who was much afflicted with Job's comforts, he exclaimed:

"Well, Jack, my boy, I see the philosophy is boiling out of you."

Prof.—"Can you tell me who the Lotus Eaters were?"
 Burnbrae—"I think they were some people mentioned in the bible."

Senior—"Look here, do you study Latin? Well, give me the derivation of Christmas."

Freshman—"I—I don't think——"

Student—"Can't? What's the Latin for 'dearest'?"

Freshman—" 'Carissimus.' I think."

Senior—"Well, young man, when you get as old as I am, and have to buy presents for four brothers, six sisters, a boarding house missus and three lily friends, you'll know the derivation without hunting for it. It's by long odds the 'dearest' day in the calendar in more ways than one."

In the course of an interesting lecture the following was said:

"If you isolate a link of a chain by which a heavy body is suspended the link is pulled down by the heavy body and up by the tension of the chain above."

N.B.—"What I am saying, gentlemen, is not true."

We understand that Branchton is likely to be a rich field for gathering valuable specimens worthy of a place in Queen's museum.

Already an interesting "bird" has been captured by one of our energetic science men and placed in the zoological archives. All the students should call and see it.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR PHYSICS CLASS.

- (1.) Any student failing to distinguish his name while the roll is being called shall be sent out of the room at the rate of two tachs per second, value of G not taken into account.
- (2.) All jokes must receive the heartiest applause immediately on delivery, or the offenders shall be hurled from the room *en massa*.
- (3.) If at any time an experiment happens to be successfully performed the students (excepting a few rabid sophs) shall be entitled to a holiday.
- (4.) All students who in performing their weekly exercises fail to carry out the decimal point to at least 100 places shall receive no marks "whatsoever."
- (5.) The remaining students shall be fined \$2 whether they pay it or not.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"I have an Irish song ready for the Ossianic Society. My charges are fifty cents."—J. W. M.

"Philosophy is the most exact of all the sciences—that is it is exactly nothing."—T. G. M.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," remarked the penurious soph. as he was ejected from the court for the third time.

"Are there any passages in King Lear, Prof., that you would recommend?"—J. P. S.

"If these Blue Noses want to secede, I'm with them."—N. McPu.

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